

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 59.—No. 45.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1881.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, Nov. 5th, at Three. The Programme will include: Overture, *Anacréon* (Cherubini); Symphony, "Lenore" (Raff); Passepied and Gavotte from Ballet Music, *Idomeneo* (Mozart); first time; Entr'acte, Shepherd Melody, and Ballet Air, *Rosamunde* (Schubert); Overture, *La Gazza Ladra* (Rossini). Vocalist—Madame Schucht-Proksa. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., 6d., and 1s. Admission to Concert-room, 6d.

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EXAMINATIONS, independent of Academy Teaching. Metropolitan—Of Musical Artists and Teachers.—These will be held in London on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, January 12th and 13th, 1882. Each successful candidate will be created a Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music, and will receive a diploma to that effect. Names of intending Candidates to be sent to the Secretary (of whom particulars may be obtained), on or before Thursday, December 1st next.

MILITARY BAND MASTERSHIP.

The work to be arranged by Candidates for Military Band is *The Naiades*, by Sir Sterndale Bennett, published in Score and as a Pianoforte Duet by Augener & Co. This arrangement must be delivered to the Secretary on or before Dec. 1st.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W.

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SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Fifteenth Winter Season, 1881. The SOIRES for the introduction of Artists in the month of November will take place WEDNESDAYS, 9th and 23rd Nov. Full prospectus and particulars on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec., 244, Regent Street, W.

MRS JOHN MACFARREN'S PIANOFORTE and VOCAL CONCERT, at TULSE HILL, MONDAY, Nov. 21st. Solo Pianoforte—Mrs John Macfarren. Vocalists—Miss Amy Aylward, Miss Spencer Jones, Mr Robertson, and Mr Lucas Williams. The programme will include G. A. Macfarren's new song, "There's dew on the flow ret," and the same composer's Trio, "Earl Haldan's Daughter."

MR J. B. WELCH will give an ORCHESTRAL CONCERT at ST JAMES'S HALL, on THURSDAY Evening next, November 10th, at Eight o'clock. Artists: Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Marian Penna, Miss Eleanor Farnol, Miss Edith Millar, Miss Ada Thacker, Miss Edith Umpleby, and Miss Santley; Miss Josephine Cravino, and Miss Sophie Hudson; Mr Frank Boyle, Mr Bouccott Newth, and Mr Henry Piercy, Mr S. Webb, and Mr Henry Blower. Solo Violin—Mr J. T. Carrodus. Solo Pianoforte—Mr Franklin Taylor. Accompanist—Mr J. B. Zerbini. Conductor—Mr J. B. WELCH. Full Orchestra. Leader—Mr Val Nicholson. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 1s., at the usual Agents; Mr J. B. WELCH, 68, Mornington Road, Regent's Park; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall, Piccadilly.

BALFE'S "KILLARNEY."

MADAME ALICE BARTH will sing BALFE'S "KILLARNEY" —Willis's Rooms, Nov. 8th; Tunbridge Wells, 10th; Cheltenham, 19th; Buckhurst Hill, 23rd; Hastings, 25th; Torquay, 28th; and at all her Concert Engagements this Season.

SEANCES ARTISTIQUES.

PROF. M. BERGSON (late Principal at the Conservatoire of Music, Geneva) has opened FINISHING CLASSES FOR PIANO (Studies of the Classics and Concerted Music). Admission, Three Guineas per Quarter.—50, Princess Road, Kilburn, N.W.

MISS CLARA LATHAM (Contralto).—All communications for Concerts, &c., to be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

MISS HENRIETTA BEEBE, *prima donna* Soprano, of New York, has arranged to remain in England during the Winter Season. All Communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios and Concerts to be addressed to Mr KEPPEL, 221, Regent Street, W.; or to Miss BEEBE, 17, Torrington Square, W.C.

"SLEEPEST THOU STILL, MINE OWN?"

MR HERBERT REEVES will sing BLUMENTHAL'S new Song, "SLEEPEST THOU STILL, MINE OWN," at Birmingham, November 7th; Rochdale, 10th; Liverpool, 14th, 17th, and 21st; Southport, 24th; Manchester, 28th, December 2nd and 5th; Leicester 12th.

TUNER WANTED.

WANTED, an Experienced Piano and Harmonium TUNER and REPAIRER—one who can Play and Teach both Instruments. A Broadwood or Collards man preferred. Address, enclosing Carte and Testimonials, and stating age and salary—H. NORTON, care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London W.

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NEW SONG BY J. L. HATTON.

THE GOOD SHIP ROVER. Words by JOHN STEWART. Music by J. L. HATTON. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SUNG BY MADAME ENRIQUEZ.

I WOULD NOT WEAR A GOLDEN CROWN. This charming new song, by ETHELREDA MARWOOD TUCKER, is sung by Madame ENRIQUEZ with great success. Price 2s. net.—KEPPEL & Co., 221, Regent Street, London, W.

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THE SEA KING. Song. Composed by LOUIS DIEHL. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

CLASSICAL GEMS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Transcribed by

HERMANN EISOLDT.

No. 1. "THE MERMAID'S SONG" (HAYDN) 3s.
2. "THE VIOLET" (MOZART) 3s.
3. "KNOWEST THOU THE LAND?" (BEETHOVEN) 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"Any music which will help to make pupils sing on the pianoforte must be of service; and transcriptions of good songs, therefore—provided only that they do not degenerate into finger display—should be always welcomed, not only for the useful practice which they enforce, but because they make young instrumentalists acquainted with the standard vocal works. In this set of three we have Haydn's 'Mermaid's Song,' Mozart's 'Violet,' and Beethoven's 'Mignon's Song' ('Knowest thou the land?'). All of these, of course, do not lend themselves equally well to 'arrangement' for an instrument; but Herr Eisoldt has acquitted himself of his task with much credit. It need scarcely be said that the pleasing accompaniment to the 'Mermaid's Song,' apart from the melodious character of the theme, will render this the most popular number of the three, but Mozart's beautiful vocal gem must also attract young players, and there is sufficient variety in Beethoven's well-known song to interest even those who baulk after 'pretty' music. Very little fingering is marked, except in the 'Mermaid's Song.'—*Musical Times*.

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N.B.—The Illustrated Title of "Mademoiselle et Monsieur" is by Alfred Concanen.

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By STANISLAUS ELLIOT.

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 2. ANDANTE.—"Despair and Return." 4. RONDO.—"Success at last."

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NEW SONG BY F. H. COWEN.

"A FAREWELL." Song. Words by the Author of "John Halifax." Music by FREDERIC H. COWEN. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NEW VOCAL DUET, BY REICHARDT.

"LONG AGO, LONG AGO." Two-part Song for Soprano and Mezzo-Soprano. Composed by ALEXANDER REICHARDT. Words by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"Messrs Duncan Davison & Co. have published, among many other things, a two-part song, 'Long Ago,' by Mr Alexander Reichardt, composer of 'Thou art so near and yet so far.' It is an unpretending but withal expressive piece that will touch a responsive chord in every heart."—*Daily Telegraph*.

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Composed by PAUL SEMLER.

No. 1. "AN EVENING SONG" ("ABENDLIED") 2s.
 2. "A REVERIE" ("TRÄUMEREI") 2s.
 3. "JOYFULNESS" ("FROHSINN") 2s.

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"These three unpretentious pieces are extremely melodious; and, as light sketches for drawing-room performance, will assuredly find favour with amateur pianists. No. 1, 'Evening Song,' has a flowing subject, in 12-8 rhythm, with some effective changes of key. We cannot say, however, that we like the basses at page 3 (last line), which unquestionably move in octaves with the melody, a defect by no means covered because the chords are broken into arpeggios. No. 2, 'A Reverie,' is a cantabile theme given to the left hand, with a *staccato* accompaniment for the right. Of the three pieces, however, we prefer the last, 'Joyfulness,' a melody with the arpeggio accompaniment, divided between the two hands, the second part, in the dominant, still preserving this figure, with a different form of arpeggio. All these trifles sufficiently justify their titles to disarm criticism."—*Musical Times*.

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SYMPATHY. Song. Words by HENRY CARRINGTON. Music by ALFRED BLUME. Price 3s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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SONGS BY SUCHET CHAMPION.

"THE TEST." Price 4s.
 "A GENTLE WORD." Price 4s.

"OLD ENGLAND, AWAKE." Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

LET THE SOLID GROUND. Song. The Poetry by TENNYSON. The Music by EADA. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"A thoroughly original song, in which the composer has had the courage to break loose from the conventional treatment of such a theme, and write as the words inspired. Except Longfellow, no verse writer has suffered such violence at the hands of song-writers as Tennyson; nine times out of ten he says one thing, yet is made to sing another. A good contralto voice will find ample scope for her powers in this song, and rejoice in the absence of sentimental musical phrases which but too often act as brakes to a good vocal organ when the subject is one similar to 'O let the solid ground'."—*Literary World*.

O MA SI DOUCE AMIE. Serenade. Musique de CYRIL E. STUART. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

LA POMPA DI FESTA. Grande Marche, pour Piano, à Quatre Mains. Par IGNACE GIBSONE. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SUNG BY MISS ALICE FAIRMAN.

AT MORN I BESEECH THEE. Sacred Song, rapturously encored at Madame Liebhart's Concert. Words by GABRIEL (12th Century). Music by MICHAEL BERGSON, to be published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

The twenty-fifth season of these invaluable concerts began last evening in St James's Hall, and for five months to come amateurs will know where to spend their Monday nights and Saturday afternoons both pleasantly and profitably. A real harbour of refuge is thus opened, in which shelter can be found from the "storm and stress" of sensationalism. Here, at any rate, music is offered and received for its own sake, and in its purest and most exalted form. It has no connection with charnel-houses, gibbets, goblins, and skeletons; it is not tied neck and heels to a possibly licentious "programme," nor does the "heavenly maid" distort her features to the expression of gross passions, or twist her shapely form into harmony with ugliness. Her utterances, it is true, may be a trifle incoherent at times; but some of her votaries belong to the class who take the presentation of the unintelligible as a compliment to their intellects, and, within limits, regard for this peculiarity may claim toleration. The opening concert was well attended, while the programme had features of decided interest, notably a quartet by Brahms, not previously heard. The work in question is the second (in A minor) of two constituting the master's Opus 51, and includes the usual number of movements, which follow each other in the order of established form. Nobody expects reckless innovation or, indeed, any innovation at all for its own sake, from Brahms, who now stands as the most conspicuous exemplar of what may be called conservative progress in music. This composer is no slave of routine, and no opponent of the good because it happens to be the new. But, while always prepared to advance, he moves only in the direction towards which the great masters set their faces, so that his works, as far as they differ in point of structure from the models of the past, may claim to be a legitimate development of principles common to both. We have this clearly presented in the quartet played last night, albeit it abounds in features distinctive of the composer. It is, however, in the compatibility of individualism with observance of classic rule that the great strength of conservative musicians lies; for thereby the highest good of a well-ordered liberty becomes possible, and reckless change is left without excuse. The opening *allegro* of the Quartet in A minor supplies an example of Brahms' elaborate method. It appears, at first sight, overwrought and encumbered with episodical matter, though the perception of this may cease when the general design and its details become more familiar. Even now a good deal of beauty and still more of interest may be absolutely determined. The second theme and its treatment, for instance, are charming, while so much musicianly skill and resource are obvious throughout that the connoisseur derives therefrom almost unmixed pleasure. The attraction of the *andante*—a steady flow of tune—and of the quasi *minuetto*—a delightful combination of melody and scientific device—is more obvious, and needs no champion. Nor does the *finale* neglect to speak for itself with powerful argument, though requiring more than a single hearing. In short, the quartet is a valuable addition to Mr Chappell's repertory, and will soon, we trust, be brought forward again. A Pianoforte Rhapsodie in B minor, also from the pen of Brahms, offered a second novelty, and was splendidly played by Mdlle Janotta, whom we have rarely heard to greater advantage than in this work and in Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso* (E minor), with which it was associated. The rhapsodie is what its name implies only in style and not in structure, while even as to style there is no exaggeration. It may claim to rank as a very interesting and attractive piece of the kind. The remainder of the programme contained only familiar things, such as Rubinstein's three pieces for piano and violoncello, and Haydn's quartet in D minor, Op. 42. That the quartet players—MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti—were received with acclamation need no more be insisted on than the flattering welcome unanimously given to Mdlle Janotta, or the fact that the vocalist, Mr E. Lloyd, sang with perfect charm and complete approval.—D. T.

Mdme Anna Bishop is, at present, in New York, intending to devote the time at her command to instruction in singing.

FORM OR DESIGN IN VOCAL MUSIC.

DESIGN OF IDEA.

(Continued from page 701.)

In dance or march-music, and in ballad-music, which has grown from the recitation of words to a chant or to some short rhythmical tune, we find that the musical form or design consists chiefly in rhythm (that is to say, that part of rhythm which consists in the metrical balance of phrases and cadences), while modulation and regulation of idea have but secondary places in the form.

In instrumental music of the modern school, we find that design is chiefly marked out by the orderly succession of keys, and by the use of particular relations of keys, and that rhythm and regulation of idea have the secondary places, as helps to the key-form.

When vocal music breaks away from the simplicity of ballads we find the important element is changed for the third time. Idea is of the first importance. By idea we must understand not merely the single strain of melody, not only the two or three notes that make what is called a *leit-motif*, but the whole drift of a musical thought—its accent, its melody, its harmony; and more than all these, the poetical thought or sentiment which is the origin of the musical thought. Key-form and rhythm are only of use, and of great use, as helps to the design which is marked out by the words and musical idea.

Here, also, there must be design or plan. Idea must be put into order, and used as an element of form. The separate ideas must not be strung like beads on a string, or follow one another haphazard, as in the changing scenes of a dream, where one idea is not defined before another flows into the brain and dilutes and confuses the former. I have seen a picture where the masts of ships in a harbour made a series of long lines equally distributed across the picture, giving the effect of a study of irregular palings or lamp-posts. In that picture the ideas were apparently strung together haphazard, and did not combine in beautiful form.

Again, ideas of secondary importance should not have a greater prominence given to them than those which are of primary value. I have seen a picture of a supper-party in olden time where the leg of one of the guests, clad in white trunk-hose, is thrust full length across the front of the picture, giving a kick to the dog belonging to the heroine of the piece. This is a picture of a kick, and not of the joys and sorrows of the hero and heroine.

Again, there is a picture which must live in the memories of all who have ever seen it. Twelve men, with different characters and different ways of feeling, all show, by looks or by the action of hand or body, that their thoughts are fixed on the one central figure, their Master; and the many subsidiary ideas of thought, feeling, and action are all held together by, and subservient to, the one greater idea: "Lord, is it I who shall betray Thee?"

This is form or design of idea.

THE MADRIGAL.

The desirability of fitting the sense of the music to that of the words is spoken of by Morley, the Elizabethan writer mentioned before with reference to ballets. He says: "Dispose your music according to the nature of the words which you are therein to express. If you have a grave matter, apply a grave kind of musick to it; if a merrie subject, you must make your musick also merrie." And we find that the extension of this principle constitutes the form of the scholastic music of his time, whether in the anthem or in the madrigal, which was the scholastic secular music of that time.

In this music, key-form is absent, naturally enough, because what we understand as a key was, at best, but foreshadowed then in musical art. The form is marked by the chain of ideas, each one fully developed and presented somewhat in fugual manner, in tonic and dominant, and sometimes in another key, worked in imitation, with occasional augmentation and diminution, and all possible devices, before the next idea is touched.

Rhythm, as a balance of phrases, whether free or canonic, is absent from the madrigal, for it was looked down upon by those who affected to be learned as a thing only suited for the unlearned, or for music which was "to be daunced to voices"; and, consequently, clearness was often sacrificed to scholarship and ingenuity. So, likewise, skill in "vulgar makings," or poetry adapted to popular comprehension, was looked down upon then by the scholarly poets.

Tallis's anthem, "I call and cry to Thee," is in this form. It

begins with the successive entry of each voice with the first idea; the fugual treatment adapts the idea to the compass of the voices. Counter-tenors and bass have (a) the tonic G rising to dominant D, the treble and tenor have (b) dominant D rising to tonic G. This idea is used in the closest imitation again and again in all parts and brought to a close in G major, after a few bars almost note against note with the words, "Give ear to my plaint."

Ex. 44.

TREBLE, 2 COUNTER-TENORS, TENOR, BASS.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.
(To be continued.)

JOHN HULLAH SPEAKS.

Report for the year 1880, by John Hullah, Esq., LL.D., Inspector of Music, on the Examination in Music of the Students of Training Colleges in Great Britain.

(Continued from page 692.)

The subjoined scheme (subject, of course, to revision) will show what teaching in the various "standards" of elementary schools my Lords might safely recognize as "satisfactory" and worthy of recompence. I must preface the details of this scheme by remarking that the primary condition of its being worked at all must be the appropriation of a defined and sufficient place in the time-table of every school for musical instruction and practice. This work, where it is at present done at all, is done at all sorts of otherwise unoccupied times, and is invariably the first made to give way to any other thought to be of greater importance. The shortest time to be devoted to it in every school or division thereof with any chance of success should be, I conceive, three half-hours in every week.

Standard I.—Very simple and short passages in the "natural scale" to be *sol-fa'd* from dictation, or from the pointer applied to the ladder representing the sounds of that scale. Measures or bars, consisting of minims and crotchets only, to be recited (without musical intonation) from dictation, or *sol-fa'd* in monotone. *Standard II.*—Simple passages, involving occasional modulation into the scales of the dominant and sub-dominant of the natural scale, to be *sol-fa'd* from dictation, or from the pointer applied to the ladder. Measures or bars (as for *Standard I.*) comprising semibreves and quavers in addition to minims and crotchets. *Ear tests.*—Passages similar to the above to be *sol-fa'd* or played on an instrument by the examiner. The notes composing them to be named by the scholars individually and collectively. *Standard III.*—Simple unrhythymical passages to be written in musical notes on a board by the examiner, and to be *sol-fa'd* by the scholars not more than three times each. *Standard IV.*—Barred phrases written in musical notes to be first read (without musical intonation) and afterwards *sol-fa'd*, each process not more than three times. *Standard V.*—Barred phrases written in musical notes involving common modulations to be *sol-fa'd*, first without reference to the lengths of the notes composing them and afterwards in time. *Standard VI.*—A song, round or other piece, in at least two parts, previously practised, to be *sol-fa'd* and then sung, under the direction of the school teacher.

In this exercise correct time and tune will be regarded as indispensable and the performance recorded as fair, pretty fair,

or good accordingly. Other and higher qualities (*timbre* or quality of sound, pronunciation, &c.) to be recorded as very good, excellent, and the like. The musical examiner will not direct or interfere with this last exercise, save by silencing or removing any one or two scholars whom he believes to be "leading" the others. He will do this in the examination of all the other standards whenever he thinks it to be necessary. No direction for, or allusion to, *singing by ear* is made in the above scheme. That children should imitate anything, musical or unmusical, that they may happen to hear, whether in the school or elsewhere, is inevitable; but I believe the recognition of this practice as work adds greatly to the difficulties attending the first business of the singing master, the formation of the ear, and the association of given sounds with their symbols. No singing by ear is recognized as singing, in the *Ecole Normale* of Brussels. From every child's entry therein he is taught to connect sounds with their symbols. And I have visited no school in Europe in which such results have been attained as in the *Ecole Normale de Bruxelles*.* I therefore recommend that after 1882 singing by ear be no longer regarded as *singing*, and that no award for singing be made after that date save for singing by note.

Towards the close of a "Report on Musical Education Abroad," which, in 1879, I had the honour to address to my Lords, after a warm encomium on the teaching of music in the schools of Holland and Belgium, I said that there were means and appliances in England, could they be brought to bear, whereby instruction in our elementary schools might be made to equal to that of one, and even of both of those countries. I said:—

"The musical instruction given in our normal schools might, in special instances, be carried further than it is, and students who show special talent for the subject might, at the end of their two years' training for the elementary school, be sent to the projected Royal College of Music at South Kensington, with a view to their formation into a body of music-masters in towns or districts where a sufficient number of schools to occupy the time of each one of them could be found together. Teachers of this class need not anywhere supersede the schoolmaster in his musical work, but they might aid him, both in the higher and lower. Schoolmasters who did not need such aid, and who felt sure that without it they could meet the requirements of a competent Inspector, could and would do without it."

To this proposition I will now venture to add another; that the candidates for the office of musical examiner in elementary schools be required to attend a course of special instruction at the Royal College, at the close of which their general musical knowledge, and especially their skill and tact as examiners, should be tested and certified by the professors of that institution. By this means your Lordships and the country at large would have as good an assurance as it is possible to provide that the work of musical inspection was likely to be done efficiently. It is not necessary that I enter into further working details of this scheme which, in some shape or other, must, I feel sure, come under the consideration and receive the sanction of your Lordships at some time or other. I subjoin two short reports respecting the work, theoretical and practical, of the past year which have been forwarded to me by the Rev. W. H. Bliss, Mus. Bac. Oxon., and Mr W. A. Barrett, Mus. Bac. Oxon., to whose valuable help I have more even than on former occasions been in the course of it indebted. I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN HULLAH.

To the Right Honourable the Lords of the
Committee of Council on Education.

(To be continued.)

LEIPSIC.—The erection of the new "Concerthaus," according to the designs of Herr Schmieden, of Berlin, will soon be taken in hand. The Corporation have given a plot of ground. The building will be furnished with an organ and seat 1,600 persons.

ROME.—Liszt arrived here shortly before his 70th birthday, which was kept with all due honours. A grand breakfast was given on the occasion at the German Embassy, and the health of the super-illustrious guest, proposed by the Ambassador, was drunk with enthusiasm. His own house was submerged in flowers sent by his admirers, and stockaded with congratulations from all parts of the civilized universe.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Popular acquaintance with the works of Hector Berlioz has just been advanced a step through the action of the Crystal Palace managers, who produced at the opening concert of their new season the *Symphonie Fantastique*, and followed it up on Saturday last by performing *Lelio*, the sequel to that remarkable composition. Neither of these things can be thoroughly understood without reference, not only to the individuality of the author, but also to the incidents and experiences of his life. In some measure, no doubt, all music worthy to be so called reflects the mood and feeling of him who produces it. But this character belongs in a special sense to the music of Berlioz, whose more distinctive and impassioned utterances had their origin in profound egoism. The French master was a man overwhelmed by a consciousness of himself. He lived a life so full and intense that he could rarely get away from it, or cease regarding the universe solely in its relations to his own being. This fact sets up a special tie between the man and his artistic productions, and the more intimate the connection the greater the need for bringing both into the same field of vision. Union being nowhere more complete than in the case of the *Symphonie Fantastique* and *Lelio*, our course, in noticing those works, is clear.

The passion excited in the breast of Berlioz by the English, or, rather, Irish actress, Henrietta Smithson, was of an extraordinary character. Let us call it love; but it was love associated with physical phenomena that placed its subject on the very frontier line of insanity. He himself tells us that joined to intense, profound, and insurmountable chagrin, was a nervous condition of which only a great physiological writer could convey even an approximate idea. The physical and mental effect cannot be better expressed than in his own words, "I lost, as well as sleep, the old vivacity, taste for my favourite studies, and the possibility of working. I wandered without object about the streets of Paris, and the plains around the city. I cannot remember, through that long period of suffering, more than four profound and death-like slumbers—one night in a field near Ville-Jeuf; one day in a meadow closer to Sceaux; another time in the snow on the banks of the frozen Seine at Neuilly; and, lastly, on a table at the Café Cardinal, where I slept five hours, to the terror of the waiters, who dared not approach for fear of finding me dead." A condition such as this is not usually lasting. It afflicts shallow natures, which, like shallow waters, can easily be excited to turbulence. But the case of Berlioz was an exception. His passion was deep as well as tempestuous, and of it the *Symphonie Fantastique* is an outcome and a reflection. In looking at the work, therefore, let us recollect that its "argument" is no mere mental effort, that its character is the result of impulse rather than calculation, and that its eccentricity was determined by a brain in a state of excitement that should properly be regarded as disease. The master's subsequent history supplies a curious and instructive proof of this. Amateurs will remember that the first movement of the symphony represents the lover's hopes and fears as they gather around the ideal his mind has shaped. In the next movement he contemplates the object of his adoration as she treads the mazes of a dance; and in the third, we see him rejoicing in the happiness of nature with a joy that ends when peals of thunder and darkened skies remind him of the possibilities of fate. So far all is based upon common experience, but when, in the fourth part, the lover, stimulated by a dose of opium not strong enough for death, dreams that he has murdered his mistress, and is being led to the scaffold; and when, in the fifth part, we note the hideous saturnalia to which his ruined soul descends, the idea of audacity at once reckless and offensive may arise. But the sequence of events was not so much forced by the mind of the composer as suggested by his innermost being. For observe how he acted in presence of an overwhelming disappointment. While a student at Rome, he received a discourteous intimation from the mother of a young lady (not Miss Smithson) to whom he had become attached, that her daughter was on the point of marriage with another man. The immediate result was an outbreak of madness in which there was hardly the alloy of method. Procuring a pair of double-barrelled pistols and a waiting-maid's costume, he started for Paris, resolved to kill his faithless love and her mother before shooting himself. Scarcely eating, and in a condition of indescribable fury, he stormed along the Mediterranean shore, mentally rehearsing the tragic drama about to be played, and sometimes crying and howling so that the driver of his vehicle believed him to be a devil condemned to carry a portion of the true cross. By the time he arrived at Nice the fit had passed, and Berlioz calmed down sufficiently to compose the overture to *King Lear* before retracing his steps to the Eternal City. This was the man who wrote the last two movements of the *Symphonie Fantastique*, and, understanding him, we are able to comprehend them. Nay, more, we see that they are not to be treated as works of art deliberately conceived and embodying grave

principles. They are the ravings of an excitable and excited brain—a contribution to the music of the mad-house. But they are, at any rate, natural and honest, differing in this respect from many later things of the same kind. There is no suspicion of soapsuds about the foam that bespatters the music of Berlioz.

The story of *Lelio; or the Return to Life* is not less interesting than that of the piece to which it forms a sequel, and here again we must look to the man as well as to his work. We can hardly be at fault in determining the action of Berlioz's mind after the fit that took him to Nice had subsided. In the first place his murderous impulses brought recollections of the catastrophe of the *Symphonie Fantastique*, and his passion for Miss Smithson, which had been diverted rather than extinguished, ran again with full tide in its old course. Then came the idea of continuing the story of the symphony by depicting in the colours of his art the "return to life" he had just experienced. The fact that *Lelio* is a record of actual sensations seems writ large on the face of it. Berlioz himself speaks, not an imaginary character, and the seeming eccentricities, the aimless wanderings from point to point, are history rather than fiction. At the outset Lelio recalls the horrors of his dream, and wonders if his friend Horatio heard his cries. This leads him to think of a song, "The Fisherman," which they two, as poet and composer, had produced. The song, having been sung, seems to say, "Live for art and friendship, but life is suffering and the grave repose." Immediately, Hamlet occurs to the soliloquist, who hears, in fancy, a chorus of spirits bewailing the empire of death and chaos. From Hamlet, Lelio's restless thought passes to Shakspeare, and thence to the apostles of routine and art, and those who shamelessly mutilate the works of masters under pretence of improving them. Here Lelio speaks as Berlioz in a very special sense and with the distinct purpose of holding up to contempt and scorn the composer's frequent assailant, M. Fetis. From all these he would rush away—to Naples, Calabria, among the brigands, anywhere. Animated with the idea of a wild lawless life, he assumes the attire of a bandit chief, and suits the action to the word as an appropriate song is sung. This excitement having passed, thoughts of love recur, and fancy conjures up visions of bliss, which find musical expression in a "song of happiness." Then Lelio becomes sad again, and would die in the arms of his beloved, at the foot of some tree, on the branches of which his "bereaved harp" might hang for the quivering foliage to make melancholy music on its strings. Such music he seems to hear, and it recalls him to his art. He will shake off illusions, and act "in the living present." For subject he will take a fantasia on Shakespeare's *Tempest*, and this is understood to have been composed when Lelio presents himself, surrounded by his pupils. Sundry technical directions are given, and a rehearsal of the work begins, chorus and orchestra in fanciful strains celebrating the beauty of Miranda and the brutishness of Caliban. At its close Lelio praises and dismisses the executants, after which he hears again and yet again the theme representative of his love in the *Symphonie Fantastique*. Then he goes away saying, "And evermore!" This was the work which Berlioz took to Paris on finally leaving Rome, which revealed to Miss Smithson the constancy and ardour of her admirer, and became the precursor of their unfortunate marriage. It occupies a place by itself, in one sense without the bounds of art. True, it demands the paraphernalia of art—an actor to represent Lelio, a stage, an orchestra, and a chorus; but it is none the less a personal utterance, an incident in one man's biography. As such we must regard it, and as such we should treat it, with the respect due to every phenomenon associated with our complex human nature. Artistically, however, the work is a thing for laughter, redeemed somewhat by the beauty of the "Hymn of Happiness," and the masterful scoring of hand under whose fingers lay the springs of all orchestral charms, but not saved from ridicule. It was well to present the piece, since everything by such a man as Berlioz ought to be known; but it should be offered to any given audience no more than once, unless, indeed, it be held up as a warning against those who in our day are trying to obtain an acceptance, as musical virtues, for the unintelligible and the grotesque.

The performance, under Mr Manna, of the *Symphonie Fantastique* was most excellent, while that of *Lelio* was marred only by the poor singing of the chorus. The tenor airs were given with rare force of expression by Mr E. Lloyd; the brigand song lost nothing in the hands of Mr F. King; and the soliloquies of Lelio were declaimed with considerable intelligence by Mr Forrester. All this the audience fully appreciated; though, mayhap, lost in wonder at the strange character of the works they were called upon to hear.—D. T.

Mdlle Lilli Lehmann, of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, opened as Marguerite de Valois, in *Les Huguenots*, a short engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dresden,

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

We subjoin the programme of music given at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students, on Saturday, Oct. 29:—

Prelude in E minor, Vol. II., organ (J. S. Bach)—Mr Drewett, pupil of Dr Steggall; Recitative and Air, "With verdure clad," *The Creation* (Haydn)—(accompanist, Miss Marian Davis)—Miss Marion Mew, pupil of Mr George; Duetto, "Si la stanchezza," *Il Trovatore* (Verdi)—(accompanist, Mr W. G. Wood)—Miss A. Arnold and Mr Sinclair Dunn, pupils of Mr Fiori; Two Studies in D and G minor, Op. 11, Nos. 5 and 6, pianoforte (W. S. Bennett)—Mr W. Crowther, pupil of Mr H. R. Eyers; Song, MS., "The full moon is beaming" (Dinah Shapley, student)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Mr Hirwen Jones, pupil of Mr Prout and Mr Shakespeare; Sonata in F, Op. 54, pianoforte (Beethoven)—Miss Beatrice Davenport, pupil of Mr Westlake; Aria, "Voi che sapete," *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Mozart)—(accompanist, Mr Ernest Ford) Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg, pupil of Mr Randegger; Andante in D flat, Op. 32, pianoforte (Thalberg)—Mr Samuel Wiggins, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson; Aria, "Ah dolce guidami," *Anna Bolena* (Donizetti)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Miss Margaret Cockburn, pupil of Mr Garcia; Solo, "La Danse des Fées," harp (Parish Alvars)—Miss Florence Chaplin, pupil of Mr John Thomas; Song, MS., "The Song of the Nautilus" (H. Douglas Redman, student)—(accompanist, Mr H. Douglas Redman)—Mr Hirwen Jones, pupil of Mr. Davenport and Mr Shakespeare; Prelude and Fugue, from Suites Anglaises, No. 6, pianoforte (J. S. Bach)—Miss Cox, pupil of Sir Julius Benedict; Recitative and Air, "O babe, my son, my Saviour," *The First Christmas Morn* (Henry Leslie)—(accompanist, Mr W. G. Wood)—Miss Delilah Harris, pupil of Mr W. H. Cummings; Recitative and Air, "I will sing of Thy great mercies," *St Paul* (Mendelssohn)—(accompanist, Mrs Sutton Sharpe)—Miss Adelaide London, pupil of Mr Goldberg; Selection from Etudes Symphoniques, pianoforte (Schumann)—Mr Ernest O. Kiver, pupil of Mr Wingham.

A NEW CONCERTO BY A NEW COMPOSER.

Amongst several interesting features in the programme of the first concert of the short autumnal series, that took place in St James's Hall on Monday evening, October 24, the one that called forth the greatest curiosity was the Concerto in A (MS.), for piano-forte and orchestra, composed by Mr Eugène d'Albert. Scarcely known to the general public until that evening, the daily press has since proclaimed him a genius likely to do honour to his art and country. Rumour of the approach of rare excellence had called together a large audience, ready with open arms and eager hands to welcome the unwonted apparition. Rumour in the present case proved for once to be the herald of truth. Eugène d'Albert, a son of the popular dance writer, is a lad of seventeen years of age, who for some three or four years has been known as the hope and pride of the "National Training School." Before last Monday his only appearances in public were as a solo pianist. He composed the concerto under notice in the summer vacation of last year, and the encouragement received from his masters and friendly judges emboldened him to offer his work for the acceptance of Herr Richter, whose unusually wide sympathies prompted him to insert it at the earliest opportunity in his St James's Hall programme. The concerto is divided into three movements: *allegro moderato*, *andante sostenuto*, and *allegro vivace*. The youthful writer, in this early trial of his powers, proposed to himself a task of vast dimensions. But if aiming at an order of music in which the greatest classics have only succeeded in gaining abiding renown, he has, at the same time, avoided any departure from the plans upon which they worked. The sonata form followed by them, that divided a movement into three sections—first, the announcement of themes; secondly, the working out of those themes; thirdly, the recapitulation and coda—this order is adopted by the composer of the new concerto. Indeed, if anything, the sonata form has been too rigidly adhered to; for instead of allowing latitude for deviation, and consequent variety, each movement is made to serve under the same restriction. But in these days of boundless latitude—the outcome of vanity—it is not a little refreshing to see one of the most gifted young musicians of the day deferentially treading in the footsteps of fathers in art. Surely climbing to the highest point is not audacity, if humility be the guide. There are remarkably few signs of inexperience in the workmanship of the concerto, for, whatever may be the resources, there is no bungling in their treatment. Not only are the rules of counterpoint abundantly manifested and strictly observed, but they are used with a freedom either begotten of genius or prolonged study. Having no personal knowledge of the youth, I am led to think that he

must be more indebted to the intuitive faculty than to labour, for in his work manhood seems to have been reached without the preparatory stages. The themes of the concerto have a sturdy force and vigorous sway, entering on the scene with decision, and leaving, after doing multitudinous duties, with triumph. One after the other, each is called forth to show the "beauty it has" of its own, to mingle its charms with its fellows, or to engage in contrapuntal strife. All the materials are skilfully used by this young artist. Perhaps, however, the materials are too abundant, for occasionally more phrases are introduced and brought into play than seem necessary or desirable. But this is the mere redundancy of youth. It cannot be said that the crowd of subjects are ever disorderly or stagnant. Throughout the work there are other evidences of youth. The themes reflect the buoyant, confident, restless spirit of early years, and so uniformly as to suggest that even cheerfulness can beget monotony. It seems ordained that until the heart is touched with sorrow, until the soul is affected with grief, man has not the full power of moving the emotions of his brethren. The link is forged out of tribulation that conveys the musical currents of sympathy and consolation. Happily our young composer is still in his teens, and expresses now in his music the joyousness of one entering into possession of a goodly inheritance. Eugène d'Albert was his own pianist, and played his part in the performance with exceeding dexterity. The responsibility attached to a trial that would affect his future career, the consciousness that the fancies, thoughts and feelings expressed in orchestral language, were being listened to by a critical host, did not in the least interfere with his capacity as an executant. True it is that strength, mere manual strength, was now and then wanting to make his playing effective, heard as it was in conjunction with a large band engaged on a composition in which physical power was continually demanded. Rarely has there been a more exciting scene than that witnessed in St James's Hall, when the young musician rose from his instrument on the completion of his task. It should be remembered that the hearers were not made of inflammable stuff, for music to most of them is daily work and study, but there was not one seen that refrained from joining in the congratulations that resounded through the building. Such cheering is rarely heard, and more rarely earned.

London, Oct. 26, 1881.

THE MUSICIAN TO HIS LOVE.

For thee alone my heart doth **BEAT**,
So let us kiss, and then 
For, dearest one, I'd be a 
Not to **REPEAT** a dose like that,
And since the last kiss is the best,
Say not e'en then: "Give me a 
Oh! let my words thy bosom stir,
And now no more my pleadings 
All **BASS**-born doubttings sure will fly,
When once is **TIED** the nuptial 
For thee, through life, I'll be a 
If thou wilt be my better 
Then will our love know no'er a 
And nothing shall our pleasures mar.
Then if of boys we have a 
They'll be the **best** of the race;
And should our girls in   com
Still will they find a welcome home!
Be ,  and heed my words,
And let's be joined by **Hymen's** 

J. D. F...

THALBERG'S *FLORINDA; OR, THE MOORS IN SPAIN.*

(To the Editor of the "Athenaeum.")

The query at the close of your quotation from the *New York Courier* respecting the above, prompts me to send you a brief notice of a work interesting on account of the composer's name now being associated altogether with the pianoforte. There are several references to *Florinda; or, the Moors in Spain*, in the *Dramatic and Musical Review* for 1851, the earliest being in the No. for May 16, where it is stated that Mr Sims Reeves would make his first appearance for the season in that opera. The work was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, Thursday, July 3, 1851, and performed five times in all. The cast included Sophie Cruvelli as the heroine, Signor Lablache as Count Julian (her father), Sims Reeves as Favillo, Signor Calzolari as King Roderick, and Signor Coletti as Manuza the Moor. The story is that of Don Julian's daughter outraged by the King, and her father's treacherous revenge leading to the triumph of the Moors in Spain. The libretto was by M. Scribe, and is described as dull, with heavy moving drama and threadbare "situations." The journal just mentioned praises the work from a musical standpoint, and says *Florinda* has placed its amiable and gifted author high in the scale of dramatic composers: as a first effort, few operas have exceeded in success that of M. Thalberg. There is a more detailed critique in the *Athenaeum* (July 5, 1851), preceded by some remarks on the operas of great executive pianists—Hummel and Steibelt being cited. The opera appears to have been superbly mounted, and the singers to have taken great pains in the representation of their respective parts; a tinge of Spanish colour is noted in an air sung by Mr Reeves; mention is made of the easy mastery of the orchestration, but there is complaint of "dryness and want of idea."

Perhaps, however, the most interesting account appears in the reminiscences of the late Mr Benjamin Lumley (for many years director of Her Majesty's, and who produced *Florinda*.) He states that the first performance caused much excitement, and Her Majesty's Theatre was filled to suffocation. The singers all did their best; "and how good that best was, opera-goers of 1851 can tell. The management had decked out the opera with scenery and costumes of great magnificence. A slight additional attraction was afforded in the *début* of Marie Cruvelli (sister of the admired *prima donna*, and 'simply a nonentity'—*Athenaeum*), as a contralto, in the small part of a page. But *Florinda* was not fated to live. The carefully reared bantling, in fact, wanted the essential conditions of vitality. But let it not be supposed that *Florinda* was a positive failure. It received the very highest post of honour of the season, inasmuch as it was played 'by command' on the occasion of a grand 'State visit' of her Majesty to the 'old opera-house.' This much-prized solemnity was held with peculiar significance, and with even more than usual splendour, in a year when 'all the world' was assembled in the crowded capital of England. More than ever this mingling of royalty with subject wore the aspect of a national celebration. The selection of *Florinda* on this occasion gave Thalberg's opera a peculiar *éclat*. Although no royal patronage could endue the work with life, at least it shed honour over its unavoidable death." No mention is made of the oboe in the various references to the instrumentation, so how the term "oboe opera" originated, I am unable to say; my own musical recollections not extending so far back.

Thalberg wrote a second opera—*Christina di Svezia*, which is generally stated to have been produced in Italy (by Mendel among others); but M. Poug in his *Supplément à Félix*, corrects this statement, and informs us that it was produced at the *théâtre de la Porte-Carinthie* (Kärntnertor), in 1865. I am not able to give any account of this opera.

STEPHEN S. STRATTON.

[To this cast, one of the strongest ever known, should be added Marie Cruvelli (an elder sister of "the Divine" Sophie's), in a contralto part.—Dr. Bütge.]

—o—

PERMANENT SCHOLARSHIP FOR WALES AT THE
ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—Through the munificence of English amateurs, several permanent scholarships have been established at the Royal Academy of Music, and yet Wales, notwithstanding the well known musical talent of her sons and daughters, cannot boast of having created even one scholarship of the kind for the education of her gifted but poor children. To obviate this state of things, I have been labouring for the last four years in the endeavour to collect a thousand pounds towards the endowment of a similar scholarship for my native country, and have succeeded in raising £700 of the required sum. It is most important that the cause should not be allowed to languish any longer, therefore I venture to make this (what I trust

will be a final) appeal to all lovers of music in the principality, who have not already subscribed, to contribute towards the £300 still required, in order that the "Permanent Musical Scholarship for Wales" may become an accomplished fact before the end of the present year.—Believe me, yours faithfully,

JOHN THOMAS (Pencerdd Gwalia),
(*Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen.*)53, Welbeck Street, London, W.
Nov. 1, 1881.

DRESDEN.

(Correspondence.)

On the 21st ult. Marie Krebs celebrated by a special concert in the Gewerbehaus her One Thousandth public appearance as a pianist. Her reception by the audience, who overwhelmed her with floral offerings, was enthusiastic. Supported by the Mannsfeldt Orchestra, she played Ferdinand Ries's Concerto in C sharp minor, Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Schumann's "Warum," and Weber's "Perpetuum mobile," besides taking part with Joachim, who was greeted with loud and long-continued plaudits, in one of Beethoven's Sonatas, Op. 30. The great violinist also played as solo a "Romance" of his own, "Hungarian Dances" (new series) by Brahms, and the same composer's Concerto in D major. The annexed statistical return cannot fail to interest the admirers of Marie Krebs in connection with her thousandth concert. In this, her native, town, she has given only 15 concerts on her own account, but has played for charitable purposes 61 times. In America, however, she has given 257 concerts; in London, 225; in the English counties, 168; in Italy and France, 38; in Germany, Holland, Austria, and Russia, 235.

A SONG OF DEBORAH.*

(From an unpublished Cantata.)

From heights supernal angels gaze,
Joy thrills the ransomed throng,
When Israel, long-estranged from God,
Returns with joyous song;
The seraphs harp the sweet refrain,
The church triumphant joins the strain,
And, pealing o'er the azure plain,
The anthem rolls along.

Fair white-robed messengers of love,
All radiant with delight,
From out the cloud-encircled throne
To earth have winged their flight;
Invisible to mortal eye,
The still small voice bespeaks them nigh,
Girt with the power of God Most High,
Proud Jabin's host to smite.

* Copyright.

WEITZER.

BERGEN.—Miss Emma Thursby's concert yesterday was the third of the series of triumphs she has celebrated in our city. The hall was again crowded, and the public unrearred in giving the beautiful artist their most unreserved admiration. She captivates her audience to a wonderful degree. Besides her remarkable qualifications for song, she possesses a rare power of expression, and her art embraces a large and varied repertoire. The remarkable ability which she possessed in the light "bravour" style cannot be said to surpass the exquisite soulful feeling which mark the rendering of her more serious efforts, or the characteristic humour which we especially admired in Taubert's "Inder Mürznacht." We may also mention as especially charming her rendering of the same composer's "Bird Song," which she gave as an encore. It is superfluous to add that enthusiastic applause and re-calls succeeded each of her numbers, and that a rain of flowers gave token of the bond of sympathy and admiration she has so firmly established between herself and her hearers. A rare demonstration greeted Miss Thursby when she left the hall. A crowd of enthusiastic youths, amid the shouts of people, took the horses from the carriage and drew it with great speed to the hotel where the ovations of the previous evenings were repeated. The shoutings of the populace were answered by Miss Thursby, who threw flowers from her window and finally sang Ole Bull's song, "Saterjintins Söndag."—*Bergen Tidende*.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEASON,

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 7, 1881,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in G minor, Op. 18, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—M.M. Rappoldi, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Song, "I arise from dreams of thee" (Macfarren)—Miss Marian McKenzie; Sonata Appassionata, in F minor, Op. 57, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mdile Janotta.

PART II.—Prelude and Fugue, in G minor, for violin alone (Bach)—Signor Rappoldi; Song, "Peacefully slumber" (Randegger)—Miss Marian McKenzie; Quartet, in B flat, Op. 61, No. 5, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—M.M. Rappoldi, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

FIRST AFTERNOON CONCERT,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1881,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quintet, in C major, No. 5, for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos (Schubert)—M.M. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini, Pezze, and Piatti; Cantique, "Le nom de Marie" (Gounod)—Mr Santey; Andante, with Variations, in E flat major (Mendelssohn)—Mdile Janotta; Sonata, in D major, for violin, first time (Vivaldi)—Herr Straus; Song, "The Erl King" (Schubert)—Mr Santey; Sonata, in D major, Op. 18, for pianoforte and violoncello (Rubinstein)—Mdile Janotta and Signor Piatti.

DEATH.

On Oct. 30th, at West Hampstead, MARY (KIKO), the wife of ALBERT MACKLIN, and eldest daughter of FRANK ROMER, of Conduit Street, Regent Street, and Greville Place, Maida Vale, aged 44.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1881.

HILLERIANA.

FERNAND V. HILLER.

Cologne, Oct. 24.

Yesterday our Conservatory celebrated with due solemnity the 70th birthday of its director, Dr Ferdinand v. Hiller. On the platform, prettily decorated with greenery, in the large hall were seated the pupils, male and female, while before it was placed Hiller's bust in plaster of Paris. This bust, a speaking likeness of the original, is due to the skilful chisel of our fellow townsman, Herr Hermann Becker, Junr. Near it lay the present offered to their honoured master by the pupils: Professor Lietzenmeyer's celebrated "Faust Album," splendidly bound. Shortly after five o'clock, the hero of the day appeared with Mdile von Hiller on his arm, and followed by the professional staff of the establishment. The female pupils, under the guidance of their singing master, Herr P. Hoppe, immediately commenced the choral greeting: "Welch ein Frühlingsruf ergeht durch's ganze Land!" After the singing, Herr Mertkle, *Musik-direktor*, in his own name and that of his colleagues, addressed a few words to the veteran composer, dwelling on the services the latter had rendered the Cologne School of Music, and especially on the way in which he had exerted himself for the Teachers' College. Dr Hiller in his reply thanked his friends in the town, his colleagues in the institution, and the pupils, concluding with

a wish that to all of them it might be granted to attain as great an age in the service of art as himself. It was true, he observed, that music was attended by a life of vexations, but it had beautiful moments, and when, finally, a man was obliged to give himself a certificate to the effect that he had always done his best, he might feel very well satisfied in his old age. The speaker's words were received with general applause. Some pupils then played, under the direction of Professor Kraft, the opening movement of a Pianoforte Quartet in B minor, the first Opus by Hiller ever printed. That the circle might be complete, there came next two "Ladies' Quartets," only just composed; indeed, it was whispered about that they had been surreptitiously abstracted from the veteran's writing-desk. The succeeding item in the programme was a *Festspiel*, or Occasional Piece, written by Herr G. Kleinecke, of the Stadttheater, and represented by fair pupils of the Conservatory. Germania enters and relates that she is keeping faithful watch by the Rhine, with her eyes fixed on the land of the Frank to see if any hostile movement is preparing there, when she suddenly hears, in old "Köllen" too, where festive joy reigns supreme, because the people are paying homage to "one of the best of Germania's sons"—the sound of singing and playing. So she is informed by three luminous beings, who glide towards her. Throwing aside helmet and sword, she conducts the three fairy creatures, Elocution, Music, and Song, to the hero of the day. What these three—alternating with Germania—have to say is a gloss on the lines dedicated by the veteran Goethe to young Hiller:—"Ein Talent das jedem frommt, hast du in Besitz genommen, &c." The young ladies performed their parts very well, especially Mdile Kuhlmann, as Germania. Now came three "Ladies' Trios," succeeded by a hearty cheer for the hero of the jubilee, and the pleasing festival, which had been attended by a large number of persons, was at an end. This morning the multitude of his local admirers crowded round the respected composer to offer their congratulations and testify their sympathy by flowers and other presents, while innumerable telegrams proved the interest taken in the event by friends at a distance. The Concordia Literary Association of Vienna, too, sent a cordial greeting, and all the leading composers and authors in that capital expressed their kindly feeling by a gigantic laurel wreath, on the ribbons of which, under the dedication, were inscribed, resplendent in gold letters, the names of Bauernfeld, Brahms, Goldmark, Laube, and many more. At the conclusion, this evening, of the grand rehearsal for to-morrow's Gürzenich Concert, there will be a serenade given by the united military bands, the locality selected, on account of the uncertain weather, being the Borsensaal.

THE FIRST GÜRZENICH CONCERT.

(Under the Direction of Dr Ferdinand Hiller, Town Chapel-Master.)

Tuesday, the 25th October.

Our readers have long been aware that the Conductor who has for many years presided over the Gürzenich Concerts would celebrate on the 24th October his 70th birthday. It was, consequently, only natural that the first concert this season should assume the shape of a festival in his honour. The committee selected from among his numerous works his oratorio of *Saul*, and we feel extremely grateful to them. *Saul* has been performed in Cologne only thrice: the first time, immediately after its completion, on the 15th December, 1857; and next, at the Thirty-Sixth Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine, on the 23rd May, 1858. Then followed a long pause extending to the 4th December, 1866, and finally a still longer one to the present year. If we consider the interval between the last two performances, we may boldly affirm that *Saul* was entirely unknown to very many concert-goers of the present day and that it had pretty well faded from the memory of most of the others. We took, therefore, the liveliest interest in the performance. The notices of the previous performances led to the conclusion that, despite a generally good reception, the oratorio met with lively opposition, on the grounds that it had abandoned the path traced out by Handel, and been treated in far too theatrical a fashion. At the present time, it would be superfluous to break a lance on this ground for the composer. Anyone obstinately resolving to take up his position on the old standpoint may allow himself to be transported as an antique image to the desert of the Thebaid. In a word, Hiller has, in his musical feelings, gone through the same progressive

process as nearly all other musicians have done. His earliest oratorio, *Die Zerstörung Jerusalems*, followed as much as possible the old form of such works—as much at least as Mendelssohn's oratorios did. Herewith the composer, then in the prime of manhood, fully paid his tribute to the old masters. In his next oratorio, he naturally advanced a step; he merged the recitative into the arioso, or, in a word, fashioned the declaimed portions more expressively than had previously been the case, and devoted to them all the rich resources of the modern orchestra. On careful consideration, we shall find that Handel followed precisely the same principles, that is to say: he wrote in entire conformity with the feeling of his age and employed every orchestral resource at his disposal. When criticising the modern composer, people are very fond of emphasising the fact of Handel's having achieved marvellous dramatic effects with exceedingly simple means. They grant, therefore, that Handel aimed at writing dramatic music, or, at any rate, did not consider it unbecoming; well then—what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

As we have said, we took a lively interest in the performance. We found the music so genuinely "dramatic," that we asked ourselves in astonishment why it is that, up to now, Hiller has achieved such small success with his operas. It is the result, perhaps, of external circumstances; perhaps of the fact that the taste of the present day inclines more to a new style of operatic writing than to the old style. Be this as it may, Hiller exhibits in his *Saul* decided talent for dramatic music. Above all, the orchestra displays a wealth of colour such as we have not found in many of Hiller's purely instrumental works. And this colour paints in the most charming manner a frame of mind or an absolute scene. Let the reader call to mind Michal's first air: "Es schwand von uns das Trauern;" or David's first air: "Mir sind nicht Ruhm und Glanz beschieden;" the chorus of Michal and the Women: "Weckt ihn nicht!" the orchestral introduction to Part II.; Michal's scene: "O du, den meine Seele liebet;" Saul's air: "Mit deinem frommen Liede," &c. We own we cannot imagine more effective and at the same time more dignified painting with orchestral colours. In this respect, Hiller must be ranked among the first masters of his art.

One of the objections often raised against modern dramatic music is that it has its centre of gravity in the orchestra. Whether this notion of the centre of gravity is quite correct is something we will not here stop to discuss—but anyone who elects to be insensible to the mighty means of interpretation existing in the modern orchestra, must understand by dramatic music simply songs with a pianoforte accompaniment. It was to the orchestra that Beethoven confided his most brilliant and most profound musical sentiments; to his symphonies and his symphonic orchestra, which he gave as accompaniment to the voice. We already hear the usual argument that in the concluding movement of his Ninth Symphony he had recourse to the human voice because the orchestra did not suffice for the overwhelming power of his feelings. This assertion, however, is nothing more than an assertion, advanced without any kind of proof whatever, and we do not admire the principle embodied in the words: I affirm such and such a thing; do you prove the contrary.

The reader must not conclude from what has been said that the orchestra comes into the foreground only now and then. It occupies throughout the first line, not only when it stands alone, as, for example, in the magnificent Funeral March, and the picture of the battle, but likewise in the airs and arioso-recitatives. In the choruses alone it more modestly assumes the part of accompanist, and it is thoroughly justified in so doing. But though we make the orchestra prominent in the solos, the latter, that is to say the vocal strains, must not be borne down. For if both were not perfectly adapted to each other anything like a just and correct picture of feeling would be out of the question.

The solo-singers had been very felicitously chosen. Herr Eugen Gura, from the Stadttheater, Hamburg, pourtrayed in lively colours the hero. Though the voice was occasionally not quite in tune, the dramatic personage stood firmly and boldly sketched before us. One of the most splendid bits was "Mit deinem frommen Liede," in Part II. Herr Gura had, also, a superb daughter in Mdlle Marie Breidenstein, a fair *Kammer-sängerin* from Erfurt. A sonorous and high voice, always in tune, is united in her case with most profound artistic feeling, and for this reason she is admirably suited for dramatic concert-singing; each of her pieces bore testimony to this. David was sung

by Herr Henrik Westberg, of this town, in his usual melting tones and magnificent style. The foreign character of this gentleman's voice is yielding more and more to German influence, so that he will yet be transformed into a thoroughly German singer. His first air especially obtained for him the most hearty applause.

The smaller parts, also, were ably sustained, particularly the Witch of Endor, by Mdlle Wilhelmine Kuhlmann, still a very young lady, of this town. With her beautiful and sympathetic contralto she may calculate on a very successful career as a vocalist. Herr Josef Hofmann, of the Stadttheater, might have contrived to make a little more out of Samuel. His voice promises something very fine; its character suggests a genuine, sincere bass voice, but, owing to the way in which it has been developed and trained, it effects less than we expect. Still Herr Hofmann's performance was a pleasing one. The smaller bass parts were taken by Herr Arnold Krögel of this place. Due prominence was given to the character of Jonathan by Herr Litzinger, of Düsseldorf. We must, also, mention, as instrumental soloist, Mdlle Brunhilde Böhner, of the Stadttheater. Her harp possesses a melodious fulness such as we have seldom heard on that instrument. Of the chorus, the ladies were especially distinguished for freshness and vocal colour; the men's voices were something less rich and flexible.

That on such an evening the hero of the occasion should be the object of numerous ovations was a matter of course. He found his music-stand decorated with wreaths; he was greeted with ringing cheers; the ladies of the chorus presented him with a magnificent nosegay; and the orchestra embodied their congratulations in a gigantic laurel-wreath, handed him by Professor Adolf Breuer, senior member of the orchestra-committee. After the concert, there was a supper, numerously attended by the concert-goers, in the Gürzenich, and the best and warmest wishes for the happiness of him whose birthday those present had met to celebrate found eloquent and varied utterance. We gladly re-echo the wish that Herr Hiller may still be spared many years to continue his useful and fructifying labours at the head of our Town Orchestra and of the musical life of the place.—*Kölnische Zeitung*.

—o—

SARAH BERNHARDT IN HOLLAND.

Mdlle Sarah Bernhardt's success seems to be increasing in every city she visits. The performances of last week brought in the large sum of 78,664 francs. The Theatre Royal at the Hague having proved too small to hold all her admirers in the Court City of Holland, the Salle des Arts et Métiers was specially engaged for an extra performance, to be given on Sunday night, when *Frou-Frou* was played. The hall holds 5,000 persons, and every place was taken.

WAITING FOR MY LOVE.*

I wander down the dell, while all around is sleeping,
I watch and sigh in vain for thee, my love,
The gentle moon and stars a silent watch are keeping,
Their tender light is shining from above,
I watch and wait so long the silence all unbroken,
Save for the night birds' note the cooing of the dove,
The tender leaflets woo'd and kissed by gentle zephyr
A glow worm's lamp will light thee here, my love.

Then haste my sweetheart haste to cheer me with thy presence,
And let thy bonny head rest on my breast,
Sure thou couldst find on earth no happier, safer haven
Than on this fond and faithful heart to rest,
I've watched and waited long, &c.

*Copyright.

ALICE MOWBRAY.

MR MAPLESON's Italian opera season at the Academy of Music, New York, began on the 17th ult., with *Lohengrin*, Miss Minnie Hauk (Elsa), Sig. Campanini (Lohengrin), Mdlle Tremelli, (Ortrud), and Sig. Galassi (Telramund) being in the cast. A great house and a great success.

WEIMAR.—In honour of his 70th birthday, Liszt's *Heilige Elisabeth* was, for the first time, performed as a work for the stage, at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, under the direction of Herr Lassen,

Pips from Punch.

(To be continued.)



"Care Canem."

AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

HERR PROFESSOR (to young Warbleton Peacocke, who has just sung Beethoven's "Adelaide.")—Ach! vat a peaudivul Zong zat is! I haf herrit it zung py Cartoni. I have herrit it zung py Zims Reefs. Zey zung it ferr yell! Put I haf neffer kvite known how peaudivul it was till I haf herrit it zung py you! (Young W. P. blushes.) Vy my young Vrent, even you gannot make it ridiculous!—Punch.

OUR GARDEN.

In last Friday's *Times* we read:—

“THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.—The Duke and Duchess of Bedford and Ladies Russell are expected to leave Norris Castle, Isle of Wight, to-morrow for Eaton Square.”

As “to-morrow” was Saturday, we sincerely hope that the party arrived in the morning, and that, instead of taking a short cut home, His Grace drove up Wellington Street, made at once for Mud-Salad Market, and, with a bottle of salts and a well-scented pocket-handkerchief to his nose, examined the streets “all round and about that quarter,” whose greasy, filthy, muck-heavy state is still a disgrace to the Metropolis in general, and this Dukery in particular.—Punch.

CONCERTS.

HERR OTTO BOOTH gave a violin recital, (the first of his fifth season) on Saturday, Oct. 29th at Lancaster Hall, Notting Hill. The room was crowded. The selection consisted of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, the Polonaise in D by Wieniawski, and Hungarian Dances by Brahms and Joachim. Mr Booth also took part with Mr Lochner in an Adagio for organ and violin by Merkel, as well as in a “Méditation religieuse” of his own composition, for organ, piano and violin, which was much applauded. Miss Eugenie Kemble and Mr Edwyn Frith were the vocalists, contributing songs by Handel and other composers including a new MS. song, “For somebody's sake,” by Herr Otto Booth.

MISS ALICE ALOOF, one of the most promising pupils of Mr Ridley Prentice, gave her “first subscription recital” at Brixton Hall on Tuesday evening, Oct. 25th, having for singers Madame Adeline Paget and Mr Guy. The instrumentalists were Mr Lazarus (clarinet), Miss Aloof and Mr Ridley Prentice (pianoforte). Miss Aloof and Mr Lazarus began the concert with Weber's duet for pianoforte and clarinet, played throughout in thoroughly artistic style, the applause at the conclusion being as hearty as it was deserved. Miss Aloof's *pièce de résistance* was Beethoven's Sonata in C minor (“Pathétique”), and in this the advantage she had derived from Mr Prentice's instruction was apparent. Her reading of each movement was unexceptionable, the *adagio cantabile* being especially admired. Miss Aloof afterwards joined Mr Prentice in Mendelssohn's “Allegro Brillante” (Op. 82), for two performers on one pianoforte, and subsequently gave a “Barcarolle” by Rubinstein, an “Impromptu” by Hird, as well as a “Gavotte Fantastique” by Mr Ridley Prentice, which, we need hardly say, she played *con amore*. Among the features of the concert were the performance by Mr Lazarus of an “Air varié” by Mohr, played in perfection by the eminent clarinettist, and a beautiful setting by Professor Macfarren of “Pack clouds away and welcome day,” charmingly sung by Miss Adeline Paget (clarinet *obbligato*, Mr Lazarus). Mr Henry Guy's contributions were Blumenthal's popular song, “The Message,” and a graceful song by Mr Ridley Prentice, “Love floweth on for ever,” accompanied by the composer. The programme ended with Miss Alice Mary Smith's duet, “Oh! that we two were maying,” sung by Madame Paget and Mr Guy. Mr John Harrison was accompanist.

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PROVINCIAL.

STOCKPORT.—When Mr Charles Hallé and forty members from his celebrated Manchester orchestra are engaged by our Musical Society, it may be assumed that Stockport is becoming “musical.” The concert, which took place in the Volunteer Drill Hall, on Wednesday, the 26th ult., was the first of real importance that had taken place in this town. It had been asserted that the aims of Mr Bradley, conductor of our Musical Society, were too high for the taste of our public; the great success, however, of the concert under notice was certainly due to his energy and ability. A well-trained chorus of one hundred voices with Miss Catherine Penna (soprano), Mr Ballam (tenor), Mr Barrow (bass), and Mr Hallé's forty instrumentalists, assembled to render Weber's “Jubilee Festival,” which, preceded by the Overture to *Euryanthe*, and followed by the *Concertstück*, constituted the first part of the programme. The second part was miscellaneous. The local papers are jubilant at the success of the entire concert, and are sanguine that if the same energy in the direction be always displayed, the Stockport concerts will scarcely be in any way inferior to those given in other large towns adjacent to Manchester. After eulogizing Mr Bradley, *The Stockport Advertiser*, with respect to Miss Catherine Penna and Mr Charles Hallé writes:—“Miss Penna's singing in the cantata left nothing to be desired; and her selections in the second part of the programme won for her the highest honours. Her vocal powers were fully called into play in 'Nella Calma' (Gounod), and the audience were charmed with her pathetic rendering of 'My mother bids me bind my hair' (Haydn). Charles Hallé, who appeared for the first time before a Stockport audience, met with a marked ovation, prolonged applause greeting him on each appearance. The most enjoyable of his performances was the *Concertstück* of Weber, in which his fine band played an important part. Mr Hallé afterwards played a Gavotte in A (Gluck), and a study in A minor (Thalberg), at the conclusion of which, so hearty was the applause, Mr Hallé returned and played one of Chopin's waltzes.”

LEEDS.—The Carl Rosa Opera Company gave, on Monday night, Oct. 31st, at the “Grand Theatre,” Gounod's *Faust*. The chief feature of interest was the first appearance of Mr Barton McGuckin as Faust; and it is a real pleasure to accord him warm praise. Mr McGuckin's beautiful and sympathetic voice was heard to great advantage, and his acting in the part was far superior to any of his previous histrionic efforts. A visible improvement characterized all he [had to do, and we gladly welcome the increased promise Mr McGuckin displays as a lyric actor. Miss Gaylord's Marguerite was the same winning impersonation that we have found it before, the “Jewel Song” being brilliantly rendered. Mr Snazelle was a sufficiently diabolical Mephistopheles, and Mr Ludwig was the same as ever in the part of Valentine. The chorus was compact and well trained, and the band played splendidly.

According to late accounts, Marie Geistinger is still a favourite at the Thalia Theatre, New York.

SINGERS IN FORMER DAYS.*

(Continued from page 699.)

III.

On the 28th June, 1669—the privilege was dated 1668—Perrin obtained letters patent authorizing him to establish “in the city of Paris, and other cities in the kingdom, academies of music for the singing in public of theatrical pieces, as is done in Italy, Germany, and England,” for a period of five years. The Abbé, as we know, joined Lambert, Sourdéac, and Camperon, the last supplying the funds. There were some dozen musicians in the orchestra. Each of them received three hundred livres a year, and that was the amount as late as in 1694. It is true that with this tarif Lambert’s *Pomone* was very wretchedly accompanied, but, thanks to this wise economy, it produced the managers, in eight months, one hundred and twenty thousand livres profit. A nice harvest (1671). Yet Saint-Evremont, speaking of this work, said: “The poetry is exceedingly bad, the music fine, and M. de Sourdéac made the machinery, which is saying enough to give a great idea of its beauty; the audience saw the mechanical contrivances with astonishment, and the dances with pleasure; they heard the music with satisfaction and the verses with disgust!” After this, believe who likes in the influence of critics! We must mention parenthetically a curious circumstance connected with this piece. On the day of the first performance, there were so many persons anxious to be present, that the tickets were made the objects of public speculation. As much as 15 livres, equal, without exaggeration, to 60 francs now, were given for a single ticket. As we see, things were managed two hundred years ago in exactly the same manner as at the present day. I will cite the principal performers in this pastoral: Mdlle de Cartilly or de Castilly sustained the character of Pomone; the basso, Rossignol, played the Faun; Beaumavielle was the barytone; Clédière and Tholet were the counter-tenors; and Borel du Miracle was the tenor. One fact must be noted: all these singers were preceptors from various churches. What did they earn? Twelve hundred livres, like those who had performed *Les Peines et les Plaisirs de l’Amour*.

* *

I had occasion to cite, in a passage of my article entitled “A dramatic Budget in the 15th Century,” the prices of the different places in the theatre; with the reader’s permission, I will now inform him how much he would have had to pay at the Opera in 1671, that is to say: two years after its establishment by Perrin and Lambert. The tarif was the same as that of the Actors of the Marais for their extraordinary performances, that is: a louis d’or, 11 francs 50 centimes a place in the balcony, and 3 livres for standing room in the pit. As we perceive, the difference between the prices 200 years ago and those at the present day is not enormous. I must remark that the company at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, that is, the actors who offered the public the masterpieces of Corneille and Rotrou, charged only a hundred and ten sous to the galleries and fifteen sous to the pit, as stated in the following verses addressed to the public:—

“ Ne vous a-t-elle pas charmés
Notre *Amarillis* adorable!
N’est-il pas vrai que vous l’aimez
Au moins autant qu’elle est aimable?
Venez donc, tous les curieux,
Venez apporter votre trogne
Dedans notre hôtel de Bourgogne,
Venez en foule, apportez-nous
Dans le parterre quinze sous,
Cent dix sous dans les galeries.”

This invitation was spoken by de Velliers, on the night of the first performance, in verse, of *Amarillis*, a five-act pastoral by Rotrou. Played in 1633 under the title of *Célimène*, and touched up in 1652 by Tristan, it must not be confounded with that by Ryer or du Ryer, another pastoral played in 1650 at the same theatre.

* *

We may mention parenthetically that in 1681 a box at the Opera cost 48 francs, or four louis, as we are informed by Jean Ribou in his *Entretiens galants*. While on the subject of the prices of admission to the theatre, I will take the opportunity of directing attention to a curious clause contained in the statutes

* From *Le Ministre*.

of which I spoke in my sketch, “Le Budget dramatique au XV^e Siècle,” the said statutes being due to Charles IX., by an ordinance of November, 1516:—

“ If anybody, after attending one or two concerts at the Academy, regrets the money he has expended, it shall be returned to him and his name erased from the book.”

Fancy going to the Conservatory of Music and wanting to have your money returned after two concerts, under the pretext that you are not satisfied with the virtuosos there! It is true that such a thing would be improbable.

* *

In November, 1671, or, according to *L’Histoire de l’Opéra*, on the 8th April, 1672, De Léris, Gilbert, and Cambert brought out *Les Peines et les Plaisirs de l’Amour*. In most of the accounts it is stated that a highly popular artist, Mdlle Brigogne, achieved such a success that on the very first night the managers spontaneously raised her *wages* (*gages*)—“wages” was the word then employed—that is to say: augmented them by a third. In his excellent work on dramatic music, M. Chouquet makes no mention of this incident, but I copy the following from the *Histoire de l’Opéra* by Durey de Noinville:

“ The Demoiselle Brigogne played the part of Clémène, a nymph of Diana, and Marie Aubry understudied it; she had 12,000 livres wages, which Lully gave her from the year 1672.”

It strikes me that the above has been misunderstood. Grammatically the “she” (“elle”) refers to Marie Aubry and not to the Demoiselle Brigogne.* I am the more inclined to adopt this version because Marie Aubry was then engaged for understudy; that those thus engaged, who sang usually in the chorus, had only 800 livres; and evidently that, if Mdlle Brigogne was a popular and leading artist, she would have received 1,500 livres, without counting extras, according to the rules. Be this as it may, however, the Demoiselle Brigogne, or “little Clémène,” was very well off. She had a town mansion and kept her carriage. I may here mention that she sang the part of Hermione in *Quinault’s Cadmus*, but not till after Mdlle Cartilly had done so. I may add, also, that the score went through six editions, an unexampled success in those days and one seldom achieved by modern masterpieces.

The vocal company then consisted of five men, four women, and fifteen members of the chorus. Though the official documents relating to the salaries of artists at the Opera are wanting up to 1750, we may fix them with certainty by taking as our guides the letters patent affecting the pensions. Those which, in 1688, transferred the privilege of the Opera to Francine and Gourdeau du Mont, equerry, and commander of his Highness the Dauphin’s stables, direct that the two managers shall pay the following pensions, namely: Mdlle Le Rochois, 1,000 livres; Marie Aubry, 800; Marie Verdier, and Geneviève de l’Estang, 500 each; and Claude Caillot, 400. Now, by the rules and regulations the pensions were based on the following scale: After fifteen years’ service, 1,000 livres for salaries of 1,500; and half for salaries of 1,200 and under. Marie Verdier and Geneviève de l’Estang earned, therefore, 1,000 livres a year each and Caillot 800. As for Marthe Le Rochois, she had consequently a salary of 1,500 livres, without reckoning the presents made her by the Duc de Sully, her avowed protector. Monsieur did not, however, behave very generously when the illustrious artist retired from the stage in 1698, for he allowed her a pension of only 500 livres.

* *

It was not unusual for pensions to be augmented. Thus, in 1713, Mdlle L’Estang received 800 livres instead of 500, just as Marie Aubry had done. The kind friends who during the ducal prosperity of Sully’s favourite had been terribly envious of her, pretended to consider the Duke very illiberal, and Marie Verdier, her rival on many occasions, exclaimed, when she heard of the sum of five hundred livres, “Five hundred livres! why she did more for him than for the Opera!” This was a gratuitous piece of ill-nature, for Marthe Le Rochois played frequently and with a success as great as it was merited. After her retirement, she spent part of the year at a little country-house, her freehold,

* The French runs thus: “La demoiselle Brigogne jona le rôle de Clémène, nymphe de Diana; et Marie Aubry la doubla; elle était sur le pied de 1,200 livres,” &c.

at Certrouville-sur-Seine, and died in 1728 in a small set of chambers in the Rue St Honoré, adjoining the Palais Royal. The little house at Certrouville cost ten thousand livres. We acknowledge that it was, undoubtedly, not to be compared to the small town residence situated in the Avenue Friedland, and for which Mdlle Blanche d'Antigny paid in 1869 a yearly rent of fifteen thousand francs; but ten thousand livres in 1698 represented at the least thirty-five thousand francs of the present day; and if, as the chroniclers of our epoch assert, fifty thousand francs were expended in lace, silk, velvet, and furniture, merely for Mdlle Blanche d'Antigny's bedroom, we can inform those who accuse our financiers of extravagance that the Duc de Sully's liberality at first far surpassed a trifile like the above. There is one point, however, in which Mdlle d'Antigny had the advantage: no manager paid thirty thousand francs forfeit to secure Marthe Le Rochois, as was proposed by MM. Moreau-Sainti, Dormeuil, Choler, and Hervé in the matter of *Le Petit Faust*, the leading part in which was to be created by Mdlle d'Antigny. Having said thus much, let us go back two centuries.

In 1696, an actor was taken ill the day of the first performance of *Ariane et Bacchus*, operatic tragedy by Saint-Jean and Marais. A double had of course to sing the part. The poor wretch was outrageously hissed, according to the unjust and cruel custom of the time. Without being disconcerted, he looked steadily at the pit and said: "I cannot understand you! Do you by any chance imagine that for six hundred livres, which is what I get a year, I am going to give you a voice of three thousand?" The *Anecdotes dramatiques* from which I have taken this repartee, appropriated by Castil-Blaze, without mention of where he got it, do not tell us how the pit received it, but they give us a piece of information: doubles got six hundred francs.

It is difficult, on account of the hatred they entertained for each other, not to speak of Duménil immediately after Marthe Le Rochois. Duménil had been cool to M. Foucaud; he was really a born artist, but likewise a great drinker, or, to speak frankly, as great a drunkard as he was an agreeable singer. We are told that, on the day of his first appearance in *Isis* (his character being Phaeton, on the 5th January, 1677), some one, carried away by enthusiasm and at the same time cut to the heart, exclaimed: "O Phaeton, Phaeton! Is it possible you ever made broth!" Duménil had a fine income, thanks to the liberality of his numerous Amphytrions, for he was in great request with the roistering gallants of the day, though his wealth had likewise another source. He was extravagantly fond of handsome jewels, and, being exceedingly avaricious, invented a very economical mode of obtaining them. He unblushingly levied black mail on the artists, principally the women, rifling their dressing-rooms and forcibly taking the precious stones from their very persons. As he was all-powerful at the Opera, his victims did not dare complain. Marthe Le Rochois detested and despised him, as she was well justified in doing; and he repaid her detestation and scorn with interest. They were continuously quarrelling even on the stage. Like our modern artists, Duménil had a mania for foreign engagements. He was particularly fond of England, his terms being a thousand pistoles and all expenses paid. The pistole was then worth ten livres. He died almost rich. I may add that he was anything but modest. How much did he get at the Opera? Very probably the maximum, that is 3,000 livres, without counting extras doubled.

(To be continued.)

—
MR WALTER BACHE'S RECITAL.
The programme of Mr Bache's pianoforte recital in St James's Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, contained works by no other composers than Beethoven and Liszt, just as that of the Richter concert on the Saturday previous was limited to Beethoven and Wagner. There is a suspicious unanimity about the way in which apostles of the most modern school in music treat Beethoven. The great master had little in common with their peculiar doctrines. He was neither a revolutionary nor a destructive, but, rather, showed how compatible is freedom of musical thought and utterance with accepted musical law. Nevertheless, the revolutionaries of our day will claim him and use him as a springboard for the easier vaulting aloft of their unquestioned athletes and champions. Poor Beethoven! Cannot he be allowed to continue his stately march of fame

without having this, that, and the other inferior person treading in his footsteps, as who should say, "Please you, mark the succession?" It is all very well for the new Lord Mayor to come, with trumpet and drum, immediately after his predecessor. He represents actual superiority; whereas the man who slips out of the crowd and hangs on to his ex-lordship's coach only represents impudence. The rule is, however, to associate "advanced" music with Beethoven, and we cannot but think that it pressed hard upon some who, if entirely free, would evade it. The case of Mr Walter Bache is probably one in point. We all know the single-mindedness with which this estimable musician gives himself up to the cause of his friend and master, the Canon Liszt. Mr Bache would not take offence if it were said that in Liszt he lives and moves and has his musical being. Never was such devotion, or such self-sacrifice as the fruit of devotion. It is absolutely pathetic, while reflecting the heroism of an ideal age. Let us, therefore, assume with confidence that Mr Bache would gladly have played no other music on Tuesday afternoon than that of Liszt. He, we may rest assured, desired for his master no consecrating influence from the presence of Beethoven, and compliance with a rule necessary, perhaps, in other cases must really have been hard, especially as it involved a journey to the antipodes of Liszt and a good deal of trouble. Nevertheless, Mr Bache yielded, going as far away from Liszt as possible, into the highest region of abstract music, and thence bringing the great sonata in B flat (Op. 106), as well as the comparatively trifling air and variations in F (Op. 34). These works he performed in his conscientious way—a way that almost makes up by good intention for deficiencies which are merely mechanical. We shall not class Mr Bache among the most brilliant exponents of the exceedingly difficult sonata. It was too much for him, but there are some causes in which even the defeated warrior deserves a laurel. We should hardly think less of Jacob if, in wrestling with the angel, he had not prevailed. The sonata finished, Mr Bache settled down to Liszt with a cheerful spirit, and his audience may, in thought, have given him a "welcome home." He first introduced a pianoforte transcription, by Liszt himself, of the orchestral piece wherein an attempt is made to illustrate a scene from Lenau's *Faust*. This work was played, in its original form, at a Richter concert last season, and we then gave an opinion concerning it which need not be repeated now. Let us, however, once more express regret that any musician could be found willing to degrade his art by associating it with an incident of the most offensive kind. We have long had a "fleshy school" in music as in poetry. By-and-bye, perhaps, composers on the look out for subjects will extend their researches to the Newgate Calender. The pianoforte transcription of Liszt's piece, though as such interesting, makes no effect with amateurs who have heard it from an orchestra, and Mr Bache's enthusiasm was, in this instance, not contagious. A more favourable result attended his clever performance of the music supposed to represent St Francis preaching to the birds. The work is a little puerile, but it is also more than a little pretty, and never fails to please. A Hungarian rhapsody ended the concert, which was well attended by a mildly appreciative audience, who, let us hope, noted that Mr Bache played everything from memory.—D. T.

Amphigouri.

Our life is but a little day—
A leap from dawn to dark.
(*That seems to me, I beg to say,*
A rather new remark.)
The night, methinks, is very nigh
When disappears the morn;
It strikes me, we begin to die
The instant we are born.
That Hope, the traitor, will deceive,
Is true for evermore,
(*This observation, I believe,*
Was never made before.)
Her silly slaves we daily see
The bondsman of Despair.
It strikes me, Hope can only be
Delusion and a snare.

To Love in age, or Love in youth,
Mankind will ever bow.
(*A grandiose and subtle truth*
We never knew till now.)
That Love is meek or Love is mild
I don't admit at all;
It strikes me, Love, although a child,
Is not so very small.
Is Friendship, after all, the boon
That bards have made it out?
(*My brain will manage pretty soon*
To satisfy the doubt.)
My Brown, my Robinson, my Smith,
Were fondly dear to me.
It strikes me, Friendship is a myth—
I've gone and cut the three!

Fun.

A series of Grand International Vocal and Instrumental Concerts will commence on Monday evening next, at the Royal Aquarium, under the conductorship of Sir Julius Benedict. A special feature at these series of concerts will be the appearance of some of the best military bands from the Continent, and patriotic songs by 250 performers,

ITALIAN OPERA AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

During the week there have been repetitions of favourite operas, Rossini's perennial *Barbiere*, with Mlle Marimon as Rosina, attracting one of the largest houses of the season. It is, therefore, to be given again next week. On Wednesday Mme Rose Hersee was to have repeated her clever impersonation of Gilda, in *Rigoletto*. Owing, however, to the indisposition of Signor Padilla, *Il Trovatore* was substituted, and a new barytone made a most favourable *début* as the Conte di Luna. To-night *The Huguenots* is to be given, with Mdlles Vogri and Siedle, Signors Frapolli, Padilla, and Ponsard; Mme Rose Hersee undertaking, for this occasion, the part of Urbano, the Page.

THE DONKIES' FESTIVAL.

Many centuries ago there was celebrated in the city of Segovia the *Ass's Festival*, or *holiday*, in order to represent to the life the flight of Mary into Egypt. For this purpose, the clergy of the cathedral being assembled, they selected from amongst several that were presented to them the most beautiful damsel, who, being placed upon an ass, richly caparisoned, was thus conducted as it were in triumph from the principal church to that of St Stephen, where the young maid and her donkey were introduced into the chancel, and placed on the right side of the altar. In the course of the service performed on this occasion the chants were interrupted at intervals with an *hin-haw*, in imitation of the ass's braying, which was loudly articulated by the whole congregation; and at the close of the mass the deacon, instead of the accustomed *ita missa est*, uttered three loud brays, which were immediately re-echoed by his auditors. But the sublimest part of this famous ceremony was the hymn chanted on the occasion, which, as a great curiosity, I shall now give at full length, being handed down to posterity by Charles du Cange, the French antiquary, who preserved the extraordinary *moreau* from a manuscript of upwards of 500 years old.

Orientis partibus
Adventavit et fortissimus,
Pulcher et fortissimus,
Surcinis optissimus.

Lentus erat pedibus,
Nisi foret baculus,
Et cum in clinibus,
Pugaret aculeus.

Hic in collibus Sichem,
Jam nutritus sub Ruben :
Transiit par Jordanem,
Salit in Bethlehem.

Ecce magni auribus,
Subjugatis filius,
Asinus egregius ;
A Sinorum Dominus.

Amen dicas, asine
Jam Satyr de gramine,
Amen, amen itera ;
Aspernari vetera.

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

Salu vincit humulos,
Damas et capreolus;
Super dromedarios
Velox Midianos.

Aurum de Arabia,
Thus et myrrham de Saba,
Tu lit in Ecclesia,
Virtus asinaria.

Dum trahit vehicula
Multa cum Sarcinula,
Illiis mandibula
Derat erit-pabula.

Cum arisitis borduum
Comedit et carduum,
Triticum a palea,
Segregat in area.

MONTREAL.—On Monday, Sept. 20th, Mr David Kennedy, with Misses Helen, Marjory, and Maggie, Mr Robert, and Master John Kennedy, gave the first of five evenings of "Scottish song." Mr Kennedy, who is looking remarkably well, first heartily greeted the inhabitants of Montreal after his five years' absence, and sang, as an introduction, "O sing to me the auld Scots sangs." His next song, "There's nae luck about the house when our guidman's awa," Mr Kennedy said, described the greatest human felicity. Misses Marjory and Helen and Mr R. Kennedy then rendered a trio by Mr Henry Leslie, "O Memory." The great power and exquisite sweetness of all three voices was very much appreciated by the audience in this as in all the other pieces. Several other favourite Scotch songs were given by Mr Kennedy and his family, and then Miss Maggie and Master John Kennedy played a pianoforte and violin duet, consisting of reels and strathspeys, viz.: "The North Brig o' Edinboro'," "Sleepy Maggie," "Cameron's got his wife again," and "The Fairy Dance." The young lady (who also supplied many of the accompaniments to the songs) played remarkably well, and, with her brother's really capital performance on the violin, called down a very hearty encore, responded to by another reel and strathspey. Mr Kennedy finished the concert with "We've aye been provided for, an' sae will we yet." During the evening the officers of the Montreal Field Battery of Artillery mounted the platform and presented each of the family with a bouquet of flowers, which were gracefully acknowledged. The audience rose at the end and heartily sang a verse of the Scottish National Hymn before leaving the scene of "a musical feast which will never die out of their memories."

DRESDEN, Oct. 3.—(*From a Soldier's Daughter*).—Dear Mr Editor,—I wish I could enable you to realize the utter artistic perfection with which the grander operas are given here. The other evening I heard *Fidelio*—as it seemed to me for the first time in my life—and I bent before its full glory in a perfect ecstasy of joy. From the first note of the overture to the last crashing chord, the orchestra played as if the spirit of Beethoven led them. In the opening quartet they gave all the four different emotions of Leonore, Rocco, Marzelline, and Jaquino, viz., of joy and sorrow, jealousy and satisfaction, as clearly as did the singers. All the noblest adjectives of our language seem poor to use in praise of that all-perfect orchestra, or of the marvellously beautiful impersonation of the sorrowing, faithful, heroic wife, by Fräulein Malten! The passion of her acting in the prison scene surpassed anything I have seen. People wept—when the grander operas are given here. The theatre floated away, dissolved by the power of art divine—and the dark prison, the starving Florestan, the agonized Fidelio, the grave, the hope amid despair, became simply *real*! Would she save him? could she save him? was the heart's cry as it thrrobbed in sympathetic pain. One forgot it was a thing whose ending one knew well. And then—when the wife does defy and hold at bay the would-be murderer, Pizarro, the attitudes and gestures of Fräulein Malten were worthy of the finest tragic actress ever crowned by fame. Unto the very end, too, her fine voice never lost its power and beauty. The same rich tones, the same splendid passion, the same intense love that had stirred our every pulse, in her grand recitative and aria, "Love shall be my guide," lived still in every note of the duet in the prison and in the magnificent joy of the finale. And each artist who supported Fräulein Malten was perfect as herself in their several delineations. Herr Decarli, as Rocco, must have won a wreath for his perfect acting alone as the old jailor had he been dumb. Every gesture so utterly true to nature—the bent head, the folded hands in presence of Pizarro, the slightly feeble gait, the facial changes—and, crowning this histrionic triumph, a pure bass voice rolled out such golden trumpet notes as are rarely heard. The Rocco of Herr Decarli was an artistic *chef d'œuvre*! To Herr Degele, too, must be allotted fervent praise for his fine acting, at once vigorous and natural, as the villain Pizarro. His singing was most worthy of his acting, and seldom have I heard his glorious baritone voice sound finer. The sweet tenor voice of Herr Riese shook one's very heart, as it trembled in the low sad strains of the starving prisoner, and rose in soft, but in intense volume with joy and love and triumph. The small parts of Marzelline and Jaquino were played equally well. The chorus was, as it always is here, just perfect. *Fidelio*, imbued with the passionate, suffering heroism and love of life, was the *Fidelio* I heard last Thursday night. The omnipotency of true art had transmuted the gray lines of mere fiction into the rainbow glories of the Real! At the conclusion of the opera Fräulein Malten roused the audience to a display of enthusiasm that resulted in a laurel crown being presented to her for her unrivalled impersonation of the great Master's dream lyric.—M. H. H.

DURING a very successful concert tour in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, Mlle Clara Wieck has visited among other towns Bergen, Drontheim, and Falun. At Bergen, Edouard Grieg took part in the concert.

PROMENADE CONCERTS AT COVENT GARDEN.—The success of Mr Gwyllim Crowe's concerts has been unprecedented. Every evening during the past week the house has been crowded. To-night's concert is announced to be the last of the season, and "for the benefit of Mr Crowe." As it is the anniversary of the battle of Inkermann, Mr Crowe, a Crimean veteran himself, places on the free list all those "wearing British war medals."

On Thursday evening the London Church Choir Association's ninth annual meeting was held in St Paul's Cathedral, all parts of which were filled. The work written for the occasion was a hymn for baritone solo, chorus, and organ, "Awake, my heart," the music being by C. Villiers Stanford, and the words translated from Klopstock by H. F. Wilson. Thirty-four choirs, belonging to various metropolitan and suburban churches, took part in the service, the honorary choirmaster being Mr J. Robertson Murray, and the honorary organist Mr H. R. Bird. The *Magnificat* was by Dr Stainer. The choir consisted of 237 trebles, 62 altos, 123 tenors, and 169 basses, in all 591. The Rev. R. W. Oldham read the first lesson, and the second was read by the Rev. R. J. Woodhouse. The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Hunt, M.A., rector of St Michael's, Cornhill. In the new hymn the solo was sung by Mr Kempton, of St Paul's Cathedral.

A MINISTER OF FINE ARTS.

[A letter from Mr Wallis has appeared in the *Times*, suggesting the appointment of a Minister of Fine Arts.]

Oh, what a splendid opening for a Statesman who's *Esthetic*,
For a man of highest culture—say a nobleman of parts,
When he looks into the future, and with vision that's prophetic,
Sees himself one day appointed to a Ministry of Arts.

How he'd revel in the duties, how he'd educate the people
To adore their Boticelli, and on certain painters frown;
How he'd clear away all stucco and remodel every steeple,
Till he made unlovely London quite a new artistic town.

How he'd teach the very paupers to think Whistler's etchings
"utter,"
While the thoughtful costermongers should appreciate
Burne-Jones;
And the Art-awakened cabman should be madly heard to
mutter,
"Oh, I can't abide them dresses in such ill-assorted tones!"

Every child within the Board Schools should be brought up
as a critic,
To discourse on Leonardo just as well as Comyns Carr;
While the talk of every taproom should be calmly analytic
Of the *Liber Studiorum* that was kept at every bar.

We should then be mediæval, for what all the nation lacks is
Just the true Renaissance spirit whereof Pater keeps the
keys;
But, good Philistines, believe me, it would much increase the
taxes,
So we'll do without a Minister of Fine Arts, if you please.

Punch.

WAIFS.

In consequence of the inevitable temporary absence of Mad. Norman Neruda, Mr Arthur Chappell is lucky enough to obtain the valuable aid of Herr Ludwig Straus for a series of performances at the Popular Concerts. Mr Chappell has also engaged Herr Rappoldi, the well-known Berlin violinist (so highly esteemed by Joseph Joachim), to officiate when Herr Straus, owing to professional duties elsewhere, cannot be present, and will probably give his audience an opportunity of hearing Mad. Rappoldi, about whom Dr Hans von Bülow wrote a letter as full of admiring enthusiasm as that with which he introduced his pupil, Mdlle Aline Topp, to the United States of America. Of course both ladies played Beethoven's "Op. 106" better than Arabella Goddard or any other among those tormenting "Petticoat Pianists." True, the learned Doctor never heard Arabella Goddard play it, but that signifies little or nothing at this "advanced" period. Herr Rappoldi makes his first appearance on Monday night. He is to lead Beethoven's C minor quartet (No. 4), and as solo Bach's G minor sonata. May good luck await him.

Mr Walter Macfarren's Overture to *King Henry V.*, lately produced at the Norwich Festival, will be given under the composer's direction at Professor Risley's fortnightly Orchestral Concert, (Bristol) on Monday next, November 7.

Mad. Ristori will pass the winter in Rome.

Facio is in Barcelona. (*Connu!*—*Dr Blinge.*)

Gomes's *Salvator Rosa* has been performed at Alexandria.

Joseph Wieniawski, the pianist, has paid a recent visit to Brussels. Boito's *Mefistofele* has been a success at Rio Janeiro. (*Connu!*—*Dr Blinge.*)

Schumann's *Genoveva* was lately performed, for the first time, at the Stadttheater, Cologne.

Mdlle Leslino started on the 30th ult. for New York to fulfil her engagement with Max Strakosch.

Anton Rubinstein's *Tower of Babel* will be given on the 13th inst. at Zurich by the "Mixed Chorus."

After a lapse of many years, Spontini's *Vestalin* has been revived at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Le Tribut de Zamora will probably be given in the Carnival season at the Teatro San Carlo, Naples.

A new illustrated weekly musical paper, *La Musique populaire*, edited by Pougin, has been started in Paris.

The Theatre Royal, Stockholm, is one of the oldest in Europe, having been inaugurated by Gustavus III. in 1782.

Martin Röder's new opera, *Vera*, was to be produced, for the first time, on the 1st inst., at the Stadttheater, Hamburg.

The Savings Bank at Schweidnitz, Silesia, has been destroyed, and the Theatre greatly damaged by an explosion of gas.

Sarasate recently left Paris to fulfil his concert engagements in Italy, Russia, and England.—(*Pauvre Paris!*—*Dr Blinge.*)

On the third anniversary of Victor Emmanuel's death the Philharmonic Society of Rome will perform a new mass by Terziani.

Pauline Lucca will appear six times next April at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin. (Come back to us, Pauline!—*Dr Blinge.*)

A new tenor, named Moreau, formerly a potter, has come out very successfully as Eleazar in *La Juive*, at the Grand-Théâtre, Bordeaux.

The centenary of the Carl-Theater, Vienna, was celebrated on the 20th ult., the piece being the *Bauer als Millionair*, with new scenery, dresses, and appointments.

From the 15th August to the 1st October, 9,713 marks, 72 pfennigs were paid at the Royal Operahouse and Theatre Royal, Berlin, for authors' and composers' fees.

Joseph Krejci, formerly director of the Conservatory of Music, Prague, died in that city, on the 19th ult., aged 60. Besides being a composer, he was an organist.

A performance of Liszt's oratorio, *Christus*, was given on the 30th ult. in the Thomaskirche, Leipzig, by the local branch of the General Musical Association of Germany.

On the occasion of her 1000th concert, the Gold Medal "Virtuti et Ingenio," to be worn with the Albert Ribbon, was conferred by the King of Saxony on our own Marie Krebs.

A new ballet, *Pygmalion*, book and music by Prince Ivan Trautzkoi, Military Attaché to the Russian Embassy, Paris, is to be produced at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Karl Rheinthalen's prize opera, *Das Käthchen von Heilbronn*, with Mdlle Epstein in the title-part, will be produced almost immediately at the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Main. (*Connu!*—*Dr Blinge.*)

A concert in which Miss Emma Thursby took part was lately given at Bergen. The receipts, upwards of 12,000 thalers, will go to swell the fund for erecting a monument to Ole Bull. (!—*Dr Blinge.*)

The first concert of the Brussels Conservatory was to have been devoted to Gluck's *Armide*, but, in consequence of the indisposition of Mdlle Deschamps, his *Orphée*, with Mdlle Battu and the tenor, Massant, will be substituted.

A *Richard Wagner Kalender*, in which there is recorded on each day of the year some fact connected with the composer's life or works, is announced in Vienna.—(This monstrous idolatry of the "Dagon of Music" is becoming insufferable to sane folk!—*Dr Blinge.*)

"I grant he has his good points. But he is really too violent in his talk. For instance, he asserted yesterday that his uncle was a thief and brigand and would end his days on a scaffold." "Yes, yes," observed Coquelin, the younger, "but he would not have said that of a stranger."

It is stated that Miss Minnie Hauck, prominent in social circles at Little Rock, has embraced the Jewish faith. When she entered the synagogue the men all took their hats off, thinking that the lady was the celebrated songstress, Minnie Hauck, but she was another Hauck entirely.—*New York Daily Graphic.*

A musical album, *Der Weihnachtsbaum* (*The Christmas Tree*), containing twelve Pieces for the Piano by Liszt, will be published next month in Berlin.—(The American Weimar girls, who sit at the feet of the Wagnerian John the Baptist, will swallow them up with relish in a week. Poor deluded charmers!—*Dr Blinge.*)

Mr W. T. Best, the eminent organist of Liverpool, has gone to Italy to pass the winter and recruit his health, which has suffered from many years' unceasing attention to his arduous duties at St George's Hall. Mr Best will be heartily welcomed on his return by his private friends as well as by the numerous admirers of his exceptional talent as an executant on the "king of instruments."

The original of *Uncle Tom* went to see a piece, founded on the celebrated novel, performed by an "Ideal Company" in New Haven, Conn. U. S., and wept profusely. "Does it recall the memory of old times?" asked the manager. "Do sorrows long forgotten come back to you and make your heart ache?" "No!" replied his sable visitor, "it ain't dat I'se weeping over. But, gemmun, if you beheld yo'selves po'trayed as dat mis'able idiot po'trayed me, wouldn't you weep?"

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| 10. The Hemlock Tree | Walter Maynard | 0 | 6 | 42. Arise, my love | ... | ... | ... | ... | F. Westlake | 0 | 6 |
| 11. Venetian Boat-Song | W. G. Cusins | 0 | 4 | 43. They whom we loved on earth | ... | ... | ... | ... | F. Westlake | 0 | 6 |
| 12. Rock them, rock them—"Golden slumbers" | Alice Mary Smith | 0 | 6 | 44. Cynthia | ... | ... | ... | ... | J. B. Survey | 0 | 4 |
| 13. Lover's Melancholy | Alice Mary Smith | 0 | 4 | 45. Roses of the Sea | ... | ... | ... | ... | F. A. Jarvis | 0 | 4 |
| 14. Still the angel stars are shining | Charles Gardner | 0 | 6 | 46. The Cryer | ... | ... | ... | ... | O. Prescott | 0 | 6 |
| 15. We are waiting by the river | J. L. Hatton | 0 | 4 | 47. A Matin Song | ... | ... | ... | ... | T. R. Prentice | 0 | 6 |
| 16. Vesper bells are softly pealing | J. L. Hatton | 0 | 4 | 48. Low dies the day | ... | ... | ... | ... | H. C. Banister | 0 | 6 |
| 17. Sunshine | A. H. D. Prendergast | 0 | 6 | 49. Wake, dearest love | ... | ... | ... | ... | Westley Richards | 0 | 6 |
| 18. Lady, wake—"Lady, wake, the village chimes" | Walter Maynard | 0 | 6 | 50. Love wakes and weeps | ... | ... | ... | ... | Prof. G. A. Macfarren | 0 | 6 |
| 19. Take thy banner | James Coward | 0 | 6 | 51. The two Stars | ... | ... | ... | ... | Walter Macfarren | 0 | 6 |
| 20. Lovely Spring is come again | Emanuel Aguilar | 0 | 6 | 52. Bells across the sea | ... | ... | ... | ... | Walter Macfarren | 0 | 6 |
| 21. Fall on us, O night | W. J. Westbrook | 0 | 6 | 53. Beside a placid silver stream... | ... | ... | ... | ... | C. H. Couldry | 0 | 6 |
| 22. Star that bringest home the bee | W. J. Westbrook | 0 | 4 | 54. My lady sleeps | ... | ... | ... | ... | A. Schloesser | 0 | 6 |
| 23. Queen of Love | Alice Mary Smith | 0 | 6 | 55. Of all the arts beneath the heaven | ... | ... | ... | ... | Sir W. S. Bennett | 0 | 6 |
| 24. Hail, thou bright-eyed virgin morning | W. N. Watson | 0 | 6 | 56. Love's young dream | ... | ... | ... | ... | E. W. Hamilton | 0 | 6 |
| 25. Waken, lords and ladies gay | Georgina Bairnsfather | 0 | 6 | 57. O well I love the spring | ... | ... | ... | ... | J. L. Hatton | 0 | 4 |
| 26. O slumber, my darling! | Henry Leslie | 0 | 6 | 58. Pack clouds away | ... | ... | ... | ... | Henry Smart | 0 | 4 |
| 27. The Corsair's Home | John Thomas | 0 | 6 | 59. Proud Maisie | ... | ... | ... | ... | Arthur O'Leary | 0 | 6 |
| 28. Spring and Autumn | John Thomas | 0 | 6 | 60. On a day, alack the day! | ... | ... | ... | ... | W. H. Cummings | 0 | 6 |
| 29. Resignation | J. G. Calcott | 0 | 4 | 61. Ask me no more | ... | ... | ... | ... | Cleveland Wigan | 0 | 6 |
| 30. Go, lovely rose | Charles Gardner | 0 | 6 | 62. When the wind blows | ... | ... | ... | ... | William Horsley | 0 | 6 |
| 31. Sweet stream that winds thro' yonder glade | Sir W. S. Bennett | 0 | 6 | 63. Hear our prayer, O heavenly Father | ... | ... | ... | ... | T. R. Prentice | 0 | 6 |
| 32. Rock me to sleep | F. Berger | 0 | 6 | 64. And shall Trelawny die? | ... | ... | ... | ... | C. A. Macirone | 0 | 6 |
| | | | | 65. Welcome, day of joy and gladness. <i>Christmas Carol</i> | ... | ... | ... | ... | J. L. Hatton | 0 | 6 |
| | | | | 66. And now we'll say good-night | ... | ... | ... | ... | Seymour Smith | 0 | 6 |
| | | | | 67. My soul is sinking | ... | ... | ... | ... | Ignace Gibsone | 0 | 4 |
| | | | | 68. The Grasshopper | ... | ... | ... | ... | Ignace Gibsone | 0 | 4 |

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O. D. RAY.

Thorpe Hamlet, Norfolk, February 23rd, 1881.

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GEORGE A. TYLER.

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